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### THE ONLY WAY.

Gov. Higgins has done right in authorizing the public legislative investigation of Equitable corruption. It is not only the right thing, but the only thing to do. Without full knowledge of the facts no complete remedy can be prescribed. Without publicity the virus of the cancer would continue to breed hidden disease.

Where the interests of over 2,000,000 policy-holders are at stake and the wishes of the 8,000,000 people of the State of New York are unanimous, the straightforward way of publicity, honest dealing and enforcement of the law is the only safe road to travel.

### CHILDREN.

It is the children who suffer most in torrid weather. They are unable to look after themselves and to use the alleviations which grown-up people know about. Try as they best can many parents are unable to give their children that care which in summer time is necessary for their health.

It is to do its part toward relieving the sufferings of the million children of New York that The Evening World is giving its seaside excursions through the St. John's Guild. This is not done in any sense as a charity but simply in a discharge of the duty which every one in Greater New York owes to New York's children.

A change of air, a salt bath and simple, wholesome food even for one day is often the difference between sickness and health. The mothers need the outing as much as the children. They have their own cares and duties as well as their children's cares to look after.

If every mother and child in New York could at least once a week have the benefit of a day at the seashore, life would be much cheerier and happier.

### SUMMER DIET.

Proper diet can do as much as suitable clothing to make hot weather comfortable. The food which nature craves in the winter time for its heating and stimulating qualities is the opposite to the needs of the hot days of summer.

A heavy meat diet is not only more expensive but in the summer time less suitable and nourishing than a diet of fruits, vegetables, eggs and milk. Heavy meats, fat and starchy foods are out of place in the summer time.

Fruits and vegetables are both abundant and cheap. Even without an icebox they can be kept for some time if stored away from the sun. It is economy in two directions to buy in quantities, that is, in the original packages. A box of berries, a basket of fruit, a crate of vegetables is the smallest quantity that should be bought at one time. The same quantity would cost more than twice as much when sold piecemeal. Thus, by buying fruit and vegetables in the original packages as they come from the farmers and truck-raisers, more than twice as much can be had for the same money, and they are received in better condition. Having more on hand the family will eat more.

Once a day is often enough to eat meat in any form in this time of the year. Housekeeping can be simplified, the heat from cooking three times a day avoided and the general health of the family improved by eating in the summer time the foods of the summer season.

Twenty-five thousand dollars seems rather large appropriation for the washing and bathing of the Members of Congress, but it is a great deal less costly than whitewashing.

A jaguar in a railroad tunnel held up four passenger trains. Traveling in the West continues its excitement even if the train-robbing industry is somewhat dull.

## Letters from the People.

**Polluted Bathing Benches.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I have read of the pollution of the waters along Gravesend Bay and Coney Island, and I can testify to the presence of decayed vegetables, dead animals and fragments of wreckage along these places. It is a shame and is unnecessary. Animals don't throw themselves suddenly into the sea. Nor do vegetables grow on the beaches and then tumble into the water. If people would have some slight consideration for bathers and bathing parties and would put garbage on dumps instead of in the water it would be pleasanter for everybody. Get busy, people, and study the Golden Rule.

**England and the War of 1812.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
My little boy had a fight last week with an English boy because the latter said England whipped America in the

war of 1812. Looking up the matter in history I learn with surprise that in that war the English captured, sacked and burned Washington, our capital city. Also, that the main question on which we went to war (the right of search and impressment) was not mentioned in the treaty. Now, if we had a war with England and had won our point in the treaty, had invaded England and had captured and burned London, I think we would have claimed a conclusive victory. So, why shouldn't England? I have no education, but many of your readers have, and I ask these to discuss the point for my enlightenment.

**Appeal to Board of Health.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I and many others wish to suppress the awful smell from a fat-rendering factory situated on the upper west side. It is unbearable in this hot weather. Who will investigate? Whoever does will have the thanks of the neighborhood.



Transposed Word Puzzle.  
These words are illustrated by objects in the above picture. If you write them down you will at once see that you can use the letters of each word in spelling a new word. The three new words will form a command which the elephant gave Mr. Lion when the latter became ill from eating too much of the bananas which Mr. Lion follows to this day. What are the three words?

## The Wifely Right of Search

By Nixola Greeley-Smith



Nixola Greeley-Smith

WHAT'S the matter with Kansas City? William M. Harding, of that place, asked a divorce from his wife, Ina, because she had "the wifely habit of searching his pockets after he fell asleep."

Though granting the husband's petition on other grounds, the Judge said:

"I want it distinctly understood that I am not granting this divorce because the wife went into her husband's pockets. I shall do nothing to interfere with that ancient and honorable privilege of the fair sex. A wife has a perfect right to do that."

Once before the right of search was questioned when our still domineering mother country sought in 1812 to establish her right to seek her deserters

aboard American ships, and New Orleans and other less glorious battles were the result.

But the bloodless struggle of the searching wives to preserve their time-honored privileges of looting their husbands' clothes has reached a glorious victory in the Kansas City test case—a victory more complete than any of the Americans' in 1812, since the right of search was only tacitly surrendered by the British, the question not being mentioned in the treaty of peace at all. Whereas the Missouri Daniel has declared the wife's entire right to the privilege, questionable as it may be.

I often wonder, nevertheless, how a woman can bring herself to the state of mind which permits her to exercise it. I am sure I would feel exactly as I might if I were told that if my next door neighbor didn't give me her parlor lamp I might take it.

The judicial decision, however, sheds some light on The Evening World's recent widely discussed

problem, To Whom Does the Money in the Savings Bank Belong? For obviously it belongs to the wife—everything belongs to the wife, since she has only to go through his pockets to get it, and if he is at all considerate or chivalrous he will surely save her unnecessary exertion and loss of sleep.

Probably in less than twenty-four hours some reformer will be railing about the woes of down-trodden woman notwithstanding this splendid vindication from the Missouri bench of her oldest and most inalienable right.

For undoubtedly this is in the estimate of many women the dearest of wifely privileges. It is even likely that the real reason Eve ate the apple was to endow Adam with pockets for her to go through.

At any rate it is the most cherished custom she bequeathed her daughters, and all honor to the Kansas City jurist who has affirmed it with such positive finality. Henceforth he must sit enthroned with the Brooklyn Solomon who obliged a husband to kiss his wife twice a day.

### Have Women 6th Sense?

A New American professor in a recent lecture asserted that women have a sixth sense, which he terms the "mirror sense."

"Women," he said, "are constantly working small miracles. The girl who threads with ease the needle that has no eye that a man can find is exercising a faculty that has been handed down to her for a thousand generations."

"This sense is analogous to the sense of 'direction' in some birds and animals—the sense by which the bee flies in a straight line, the dog finds its way home, or the Arctic seal swims directly through the dark waters to its air-hole in the ice."

"Another marvel is the cleverness of a woman who, sewing a bone button on a piece of cloth, hits the hole every time with the needle from the back."

"This faculty is also possessed by many insects and animals, notably the boring worm."

### Little Willie's Guide to New York.

#### Long Island City.



Long Island City

When the dutch lade out nu yorck they had a lot of odds and ends left over and they threw these remnants into the river at the foot of thirty fourth street and they floated across to the oposit shoar and got stranded there and that is how the glorious garden spot of eeden known as long island sitty came to be invented, nothing happened in long island sitty for 2 hundred years after that until pat gleesen was born and then for a while everything happened at once and gleesen put long island sitty on the map and naled it there with a ax but at last long island sitty was consolidated by nu yorck and that put gleesen out and then it was consolidated by the rockefeller and that put nu yorck out for there was no room for civilization and the rockefeller reffineries on the same lot, so sivilization ran skreaching up a tree and left the place to darkness and jon d. that's a pome, the sweet smell of the reffineries and the odor of the gasolene automomobiles that cross the thirty fourth street ferry combine to give long island sitty plenty of loake atmosphere and to make rockefeller's helr stand on end, long island sitty is the gateway to long island but fokes that are good climbers shin over the waul instead of going throo, good old long island sitty.

A. P. TERHUNE.

### When Photographed.

HERE are a few "Don'ts" for the woman who would have a successful photograph of herself.

Don't wear a new or uncomfortable gown.

Don't arrange your hair in a new way for the first time.

Don't neglect to help out your eyebrows if they require it, says the Boston Brown Book.

Don't forget white is safest for brunettes.

Don't forget black is safest for blondes.

Don't forget black lace is always effective with silver locks.

Don't wear any stiff neck dressing.

Don't risk a profile if you are over 30.

Don't close your lips tightly.

Don't make one of those ghastly attempts to "look pleasant."

Don't abuse the studio accessories.

Don't let a plain woman in a pretty pose always rival her handsome sister who depends on perfect features.

## Shirt versus Shirtwaist

By Martin Green

"SEE, said the Cigar Store Man, 'that there is some agitation in the direction of allowing men to go about the streets without their coats.'"

"Well," remarked the Man Higher Up, "women don't wear coats in summer, and their look-alike shirtwaists seem to be all to the frigid. In theory a man ought to have as much right to go coatless in hot weather as a woman has. But a woman's shirtwaist is always clean. You never saw a woman starting away from her home wearing a soiled shirtwaist."

"Lots of men are the same way. They change their shirts daily. But the vast majority of men put on a shirt Sunday morning and immediately conceive such an affection for it that they cannot tear themselves away from the garment for three or four or more days. Thousands of men send one of their shirts to the laundry every week and wear the other."

"To uncover these garments to the gaze of the populace on the streets, in the cars, in restaurants and public places would be an artistic crime, to say the least. The long-distance shirt wearer is addicted to shirts with stiff bosoms with cuffs detached. He also wears red suspenders and the shirt buttons in the back, having but one button and that at the neckband. A carload of such would be enough to inspire a wish for eligibility to an asylum for the blind."

"For observance of the awful effect of men going about in public in their shirt sleeves you ought to take a trip to Chicago, where the practice obtains to a great extent. As soon as it gets hot the Chicago man takes off his coat and carries it over his arm. And every time he passes a thermometer you can see the mercury jump."

"Most of us are free and independent chumps when it comes to dressing for hot weather anyhow. For appearance sake we suffer a great deal of discomfort. If there is any discomfort in wearing a coat let us stick to it for the sake of keeping our shoulders out of sight."

"It's up to somebody to invent a combination shirt and coat for summer wear," declared the Cigar Store Man.

"Yes," replied the Man Higher Up, "but what would we do with our shirts?"

## The Second Avenue Rubies

By Ernest De Lancey Pierson.

### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Dick Fenton, while carrying Mrs. Rowbury's \$50,000 ruby necklace back to the jeweler's after a dance, is drugged. He and the ruby necklace disappear. Dick Fenton goes in search of him. She goes first to Mrs. Rowbury, and then to the police. Mrs. Rowbury seems to recognize the face and is much alarmed.

Alice sees the same man later in a crowd and follows him to the suburb of Meadowhurst. He is Gilbert Chetwood, her husband's partner in business. At Meadowhurst he calls on Dr. Rowbury, a disreputable physician, and arranges with him to have a certain "invalid" brought to him, detained by force at the doctor's house. Alice faints from exhaustion and Dr. Rowbury takes her to his home for treatment.

### CHAPTER V.

#### In the Hands of the Enemy.

THE name Alice spoke conveyed no meaning to Rowbury. She looked in involuntary terror at his bleared face. He divined her thoughts and said:

"Don't you be afraid of me, my dear. You are as safe here as if you were in your own home. I am Dr. Rowbury, at your service, and I have just brought you in from the street, where I stumbled over you lying on the path in a dead faint."

"It was very, very kind of you to take such good care of a stranger."

"My child, it is the duty of the professional man to be tender to persons in distress," said Dr. Rowbury, loftily. "Why do you suppose one of my attendants permits himself to dwell among such lowly persons as inhabit this neighborhood?"

She shook her head a little wearily.

"It is because I feel that I can do more here to assist suffering humanity, to throw out the life line to the sick and the dying."

He was on his high horse now, and could speak eloquently of his self-sacrifice in coming to such a wretched place merely to play the angel of mercy.

His patient looked around the shabby room, saw evidences on every hand of the most abject and obtrusive poverty, and then turned to the doctor, lean and hungry looking, in the faded black suit, white at the seams and threadbare.

"Ah, I see," he laughed, not at all abashed. "You are wondering why a man of my acknowledged ability goes about so shabby, and lives in comparative poverty. That is a part I must play in order to rescue these poor people to whom I offer a hand. Now we can have heart-to-heart talks together, and I am secretly able to accomplish endless good."

When he looked to see if his patient had received his last speech as she should he was alarmed to find that her eyes had closed again.

"The dickens!" he muttered. "I didn't calculate when I brought her in here that I should be seduced with her as a permanent patient!" And the man who lived only for his suffering compatriots uttered a profane remark under his breath.

Then he caught sight of a purse in the girl's gloved hand, as it lay limply in her lap.

"Hum," he mused. "Perhaps she is not quite so poor as she looks, and my unselfish efforts will not go unrewarded. I wonder how much there is in that pocketbook. I wouldn't take the girl's money," as if addressing his conscience, "but it would be well to know if she is provided with money enough to take her home."

something to eat," said the doctor. "Here is your pocketbook that I just picked up from the floor."

"I have taken nothing—not a morsel—since last night," she added faintly.

"The dickens! Why did you not tell me so before? No wonder you fainted. Since you will, I fancy, have no objection to giving a little sum to buy medicine for my poor patients you shall be our guest to-day at dinner. Merely put-look, my child."

She was too weak to answer, but she was conscious of being led, half supported by the doctor, into the back room, where a table was spread with dishes and paper bags and glasses and crockery, of which no two pieces were alike; of being dropped into a broken-backed chair and then slipping a glass of wine; of eating mechanically while the black eyes of Mrs. Rowbury were fixed upon her, as if on a pivot, and then a blank utter silence.

Meantime Gilbert Chetwood had retraced his steps to the city.

"Now," he muttered to himself, "to carry out the farce with my dear partner, Jebbs. As for Fenton, I only want him out of the way until I have everything prepared for my safe fitting."

He made his way, chuckling to himself, through the tortuous streets of the upper east side, until he passed before a great building that with its boarded-up windows seemed tenanted except for some open shutters and glimpses of dingy shades in the upper stories.

Over the gaping doorway, which opened black and cavernous on the street, hung a sagging sign bearing the name in faded letters of

"GRIGSON'S RENTS."

Chetwood felt his way into the gloomy hall and with the aid of a rope which served as hand rail made his way up to the highest floor, where he rapped on a door, and being bidden to enter, flung it open.

Jebbs, his partner, a wizened, shabby little man, was crouching over a faint, trying to grill a sausage, stopping now and then to dip his nose in a pewter mug of portentous size that stood at his elbow.

"Well, you seem to be enjoying yourself, if no one else is," exclaimed Chetwood, as he gave the other a slap on the back which nearly toppled him off his stool, and caused him to drop the delicacy he was cooking on the end of a toasting fork.

Jebbs crumpled in an undignified way as he scrambled after his sausage, which, having recovered it, he wiped carefully on the sleeve of his coat, and impaling it on the end of the fork again continued his grilling.

"What a measly old hole this is, to be sure!" said Chetwood, taking his companion's silence very coolly. "Glad we can get away from here to-morrow."

"Mebbe if ye had all what was coming to ye, it wouldn't be sich good quarters as this," remarked Mr. Jebbs, as if addressing this particular remark to the sausage at the end of the fork.

"No doubt," and Chetwood laughed good-naturedly. "But you don't ask me where I have been. I should think you might have the curiosity to want to know that, if nothing more."

"Why, you old imbecile, this is only temporary! I have realized this cookery because we could better keep out of the way of the police. Just wait until we have recd. those stones, and then you can, if you choose, wear diamonds as big as decenter stoppers."

"You've been kind to a fault, partikler yer own. Never see a man more generous in that line than you. You've been kind to me? Oh, yes! Say," shaking a long finger at Chetwood, who had taken the stool formerly occupied by the beer mug, "didn't you say when we made each other's acquaintance comin' over that if I stuck to you we should be wearing diamonds and livin' like fightin' cocks perried? I'd help ye tap this Klondike ye knew of right here in the city? Now," waving his hand about the room, "this is what we have come to."

"Why, you old imbecile, this is only temporary! I have realized this cookery because we could better keep out of the way of the police. Just wait until we have recd. those stones, and then you can, if you choose, wear diamonds as big as decenter stoppers."

"You are very good at makin' promises. In fact, I don't think I ever see such a promising young man. There was the other night, when you set me a watchin' in the garden, while you was, I believe, waitin' yourself alongside a good fire in the house. You promised a lot to get me there, and then forgot all about me. I near froze, and then some little monkey of a man hit me with a slingshot or a brick fast as it was gettin' over the wall after warm'n' you, and then the dog in the next yard was loose and made a play at me that was nigh provin' my death."

"Never mind," said Chetwood, with difficulty suppressing a laugh as he patted the walling one on the shoulder. "Your time will come."

"Oh, yes," drawled Mr. Jebbs. "The time for doin' time, I guess, is what you mean. No, sir, after this is over each of us had better get each other's severil rays, and the devil take the hindmost. We ain't two of a kind, and we won't never make a pair!"

"Not yet awhile, Jebbs. Not yet," replied the younger man. "I can't afford to part with you yet. I meant to dissolve this partnership in a few days because you don't like it, but first wait until this hue and cry over the rubies is done with and then I shall flit and leave you to your own devices."

Jebbs looked at him keenly from under his bushy yellow eyebrows.

"I know, may be in your eye. I was innocent enough to take yer word for it that there was sich a thing as that there necklace, and that it would be the foundation of our everlastin' fortunes, but after that accident and we had fetched that pore young gent out of the ruins an' brought him here you lope off, and I ain't seen nothin' of you nor the rubies since."

"Now, Jebbs, you must be reasonable. I know where the stones are, but it would be dangerous to have them about in case of a sudden visit of the police, so I took care to place them in safety."

"Where you could lay hands on 'em when ye was so minded and skip out and me be none the wiser, eh?"

"I mean to doal fairly by you, and I will."

"If ye do I'll be because it's to yer interest, and because I might have a word to say about the transaction."

Chetwood's red face grew redder still, and he made an angry gesture which Jebbs did not see, for he was again crouching over the fire, his beary eyes fixed on its depths.

"I have been working altogether in your interests while I have been gone, Jebbs," he said, confidentially, and then he told him of his experience in Meadowhurst.

The other heard him without betraying any emotion. He had evidently made up his mind not to accept any more of Chetwood's glittering promises as solemn truth.

## "Scotty," the Spender; or, the Cautious Spendthrift of Death Valley.

By Roy L. McCardell.

Author of "Fads and Fancies; or, the Topic of the Town;"

"The Little Bunch of Whiskers on His Chin; or, Who'll

Buy My Violets and Equitable Stock?" "The

Bloom Is Off the Peach; or, Why Chaucer-

cy Was Chucked," and the U.

S. Cotton Reports.

### Chapter I.

CROSS Death Valley it was almost as warm as New York is now.

Oh, it was awfully hot!

But this did not daunt our brave young hero, Walter Scott. Asstride his gallant mustang he rode around and around. Everybody was sure he would get the brass ring.

Beside him trotted his faithful hound, Gold Bug. Whenever he saw a sopher he would go for it. Now will you be good.

Scotty carried a bag of salt and a fishing outfit. Were his intentions to salt a mine and then fish for suckers?

At this instant the copy desk butted in to say that Scotty didn't call his dog anything, except when he got under the mustang's heels. What he called him then we could not print in our page for the home circle. No, he didn't call the dog. He only whistled for him.

Ah, something is going to happen after awhile!

### Chapter II.

T is a long way from Los to Chi. Which makes us ask at this point what is Los with Chi? Are the names of Los Angeles and Chicago no longer a spell? Question?

Scotty is back from the Death Valley. He has found a mine. It is his. He still has the dog. He is willing to give you a pointer. Nobody will take any stock in the mine or Scotty in Los. Ha! he will go to Chi and sell his stock in the stock yards!

What awful sounds are those? Scotty is at the five and ten cent counter. He refuses his trading stamps!

Is he a Croesus or has he parents? We must chop this story here or it might get interesting.

### Chapter III.

COTTY has arrived in Chi. His roll is spent with traveling. Bath House John greets him, but he doesn't want a bath. Yes, he needs it, but he doesn't want it just as we say.

Hinky Dink invites him to his saloon, for the very best society in Chi is receiving Scotty. Hush! Scotty is going to open wine!

"Have you any little bottles for 10 cents?"

Uxtry! Uxtry! Scotty is a tight wad!

"All right! Just for that I'll leave Chi and go to New York. My dog

will go with me in a special car; my wife can follow in the day coach. The merciful man is kind to all dumb animals.

### Chapter IV.

COTTY is in New York. He hands a newsboy a penny for a paper and tells him to keep the change. It is now known that Scotty lessens up every other day—yesterday and to-morrow. To-night is not the night.

Scotty is now at the Harmarket making hay while the sun shines. He says he isn't going to sell any stock in his mine. You bet he isn't!

It is growing late. Scotty announces that he will spend a week in New York. That's all.

This story is Closed on Account of the Hot Weather.

## May Manton's Daily Fashions.

Tucks and shirings continue to hold the world of fashion enthralled and are to be noted upon the latest and the most models. Illustrated is a skirt which is graceful in the extreme and which includes both features and which is well adapted both to the washable fabrics and to the pretty soft wools and silks. The wide tucks that serve as a heading for the flounce also finish the skirt proper and can be left plain as illustrated, or if a more elaborate effect is desired, finished with a full of lace beneath the edge of each. In this instance the material is dotted tulle and there is a simple hem at the edge of the flounce, but here again the material can be obtained by the use of pattern banding if liked.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (34 years) is 51-3 yards 27, yards 27, or 3-84 yards 44 inches wide.

Patterns 7,000 to cut in 15, 14 and 16 years of age.

Misses' Skirt Gathered Flounce—Pattern No. 5,099